The Times Dispatch

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1913.

HUERTA DESPERATE.

The significance of last night's startling developments in the Mexican situation will not be apparent until our government explains the precise nature of Mr. Lind's proposals to Mexico, and gives out the correspondence between him and Huerta.

In the meantime, the conduct of the Mexican usurper suggests that he is desperate and is playing his last trump. Huerta has everything to gain and nothing to lose by a bold attitude toward the United States. If finally rejected or subdued, he would be in no worse a situation than if he yielded at the outset to the demand that he resign. By standing firm, he may hope to arouse the fighting ardor of his people and to unify them against an invader; by yielding, he would lose the support of his weak-kneed soldiery and could hope for nothing but death or exile at the hands of the rebels.

It would seem reasonable to believe, therefore, that his practical ultimatum to this country is the last phase of a bitter fight for self-preservation, upon the success of which Huerta is willing to stake everything.

How our government will proceed remains to be seen. Yet it is not too early to say that the administration will not rush precipitately to war. Even the severance of diplomatic relations, which seems probable, would not of necessity mean an appeal to arms. The good sense of the American people and the wise judgment of the President will dictate a policy that will save the country from unnecessary war, while fully maintaining the national honor.

This view is confirmed by the fact that we have really no occasion for war as matters stand this morning. In the emergency, we can remove from the danger zone our citizens and those of friendly powers, and, if the worst comes to the worst, can leave the Mexicans to fight it out.

Excitement there will be and sensations enough. Ardent appeals for immediate armed intervention we may expect, and complications of every sort we may anticipate, but war is not yet. A desperate usurper will not easily lead the United States to the invasion of Mexico.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

In another column The Times-Dispatch presents to its readers this morning a complete roster of the next House of Delegates, as far as the membership has been determined. One or two of these nominees may be defeated, and in the remaining districts the men who are to bear the standard of the party have not been chosen.

This list shows that forty-eight of the eighty-three men who will probably be in the House of Delegates did not serve in the Assembly of 1912. Deducting those members who served prior to 1912, and making reasonable allowance for those yet to be elected, it is thus apparent that the Democrats will try to enact laws with a majority of their members absolutely untrained in legislative procedure. Only thirty-five of the old members have been renominated.

This is alarming, for while some of the new men are of first-rate ability and will speedily learn the business of the House, others are inexperienced in public life. At the very least, the outlook should make us feel that between now and the time the Assembly meets there is upon the leaders of the party a solemn responsibility to inform new members of their duties and to enlighten them on the issues before the people.

We do not despair of the House, and we even believe that the infusion of new blood will, in some instances, be a positive gain; but we cannot expect far-seeing, constructive legislation unless our members-elect will work hard and assiduously study the problems they will be called upon to solve.

George Ade confesses, "I went to Berlin to study night gaiety. I found the night, but not the gaiety"; and then he adds mournfully, but perhaps truly, "Perhaps on the whole it is just as well for George."

The first number of Harper's Weekly, edited by Norman Hapgood, is out, but why isn't it called Hapgood's Weekly?

The statisticians say that 8,000,000,000 pounds of sugar were consumed in the United States last year. Having seen the way the North Carolinians cover their blackberries with sugar, we are not amazed.

The Wisconsin Legislature drank over $500 worth of water at its latest session, but whether the thirst was real or artificial we cannot say.

FOR WHAT DO VIRGINIA DEMOCRATS STAND?

A correspondent writes us to inquire for what principles the Democrats of Virginia stand, and what they will advocate when they go before the people of the Commonwealth next November and ask that their nominees be elevated to office.

We wish we could refer our correspondent to a written platform expounding our faith. But we must confess to him that we have grown lazy in Virginia, and, with our overwhelming majority, we have not thought it worth while to declare our principles. We have left voters to draw their own conclusions, strong in the belief that they would not vote for Republicans even if they did not vote for our nominees. We have elected two Governors since we have had a regular party convention to frame a platform, and we have little reason to believe we shall present Henry C. Stuart to the suffrages of the people on any platform other than that he chooses personally to adopt.

Yet this does not mean that we are a party without principles, or that there are not policies for which we should stand. It rather means that we have taken ourselves and the voters for granted, and have let it go at that. There are principles for which Virginia Democrats should stand—principles that merit the support of every man who wants effective government and honest administration. Here are some of them:

1. Virginia Democrats believe that the duty of government is to do for all the State those things which individual citizens and separate communities are not able to do for themselves, and to do these things economically, wisely and constructively.

2. Virginia Democrats believe that every election should be conducted in a manner above reproach, and that in the primary, not less than in the general election, every voter should have the assurance of law that his vote will be correctly counted and returned by responsible men, whose acts may be reviewed by the courts.

3. Virginia Democrats believe that tax laws framed for a different industrial era need reformation which will guarantee that every community, every citizen and every class of property pay their just tribute to the support of government with the least hardship to any citizen and any legitimate business.

4. Virginia Democrats believe that every public servant should be judged by his efficiency and work, and that his compensation should be fixed specifically, rather than by a scale of fees which was introduced in a day of financial distress.

5. Virginia Democrats believe that government owes to posterity the best possible system of schools, fitted to the needs and the probable after-life of those who are taught, and that manual training, a nine-months' school session and tuition in agriculture should be available for the children of every county and city.

6. Virginia Democrats believe that the function of government is to help rather than to hinder, to reform rather than to punish, and that the delinquents of the State, be they children or adults, should be given that treatment best calculated to restore them to society or to protect society from them.

7. Virginia Democrats believe in constructive expenditure, and stand pledged to devote to the public welfare the money paid in taxes, promoting agriculture, health, mining, fisheries and all industrial pursuits.

8. Virginia Democrats believe in honesty and publicity in the public administration, and will neither countenance nor condone anything that keeps from any taxpayer complete knowledge of the manner in which the party discharges its public trust.

OUR LOCAL ANNALS.

We venture the opinion that few people in Richmond laid down yesterday's Times-Dispatch without reading that well-written story of the hanging of three pirates eighty-six years ago. In fact, we suspect that as many people read that interesting chapter in our local annals as read the escape of Harry Thaw from Matteawan.

The reason is not far to find. All of us know that we walk historic streets and gaze on famous scenes, and that we have back of us a magnificent history of which most of us are ignorant. When we can get that history in attractive form we read it as we would devour some forgotten letter of our youth.

Yet there are few of us who really appreciate what our local history means to us and what a blessing we have in that historical atmosphere which is ours. We walk the streets that Washington, Jefferson and the fathers of our political faith trod; we can go to Chimborazo Park and look down on that landing where the keel of Smith's boat ground the pebbles in 1609; we can go to the Capitol and look at the chamber where some of America's greatest giants have thundered; we can turn into Marshall Street and look at the room where the Great Expounder sat and meditated on Marburg vs. Madison; we can turn our back on Broad Street, with its dazzling lights, and walk past houses where Jefferson Davis, Matthew Fontaine Maury and a host of others lived; we can stand in sleepy old St. John's and hear the echo of Henry's voice; we can slip into that quiet house on Franklin Street and walk the porch which General Lee paced as he planned a new trap for the enemy of his people.

This means much! It means inspiration and encouragement and lofty ideals. It means that unconsciously a man breathes into his soul the spirit of days of valor, and is himself prompted to worthy effort. It means that the children who grow up in old Richmond will feel the responsibility of noble living.

Congress is about the only summer school in the country which gives no vacation.

LEARNING OF THE SOUTH.

We can best go forward by looking backward. At least, that is the somewhat paradoxical conclusion one will reach who tries to trace the beginning of those movements which are now claiming the attention of the country.

Every act of Congress is the reflection of public will, more or less direct, more or less remote. In a great national crisis, Congress may voice the will of the people overnight; in the less strenuous times of peace it will mirror slowly and faintly the judgment on public issues already formed by the people. But in every instance, if one can find it, there is always some precedent—some ferment, so to speak, that has long been working.

A most startling proof of this is the fact, pointed out to us by an omnivorous reader, that practically every one of the great questions now before the American public was solved in the Constitution of the Confederate States. We are trying to forbid trusts and monopolies—the South did so in its organic law. We think it wisdom that members of the Cabinet should sit in Congress—the Southern Constitution expressly gave Cabinet officers that privilege. We are fighting for a tariff for revenue only—our Southern fathers forbade any other kind. We believe the executive should have the right to veto any part of an appropriation bill without disapproving the whole—that was provided for half a century ago. We Democrats wrote into our platform our belief that the President should hold office for six years, and should be ineligible for a second term—a provision in the Confederate Constitution.

The wise men who drafted that Constitution at Montgomery foresaw the difficulties which would confront us, and they wished to save our Southern nation from them. What a melancholy reflection it is to think that it has taken half a century for their work to be fulfilled!

WOMEN AND STREET CARS.

Pause for a moment at Seventh and Broad, at Ninth and Main, at First and Broad, or at any of the transfer points, and you are more than apt to find the sidewalks lined with idle, staring men, whose eyes are glued on the cars that stop for passengers.

They are not a pleasant company to behold, and their purpose is so obvious that every honest man and modest woman will resent it. They stare in silence and they peep with drooping heads, but they are none the less alert. No woman can get on the cars without subjecting herself to their scrutiny; few women can mount the running-board without being made to blush.

An easy-going morality will say that if the women will insist on wearing narrow skirts, they may expect what happens, but the chivalry of the city will demand that even if some of our women are careless, they should be saved from embarrassment on that score.

We would suggest to Chief Werner that he instruct his officers at the transfer points and at the busy corners to see that the "move on" ordinance is enforced strictly, and that the women of Richmond be protected from indignities which are none the less galling because they are silent.

"THE EDITOR."

From our exchanges of the last few days we have gleaned a number of pompous references to "the editor," and we have read in some of these a tremendous emphasis on the greatness of the man who fills a column of brevier with his comments on the happenings of the week. Written large and graven deep is the ego of the editor.

This would make us weary if it did not make us laugh. Once upon a time it may have been legitimate. In those simple days of journalism before the war any man who could buy a font of type and a hand-press could start a newspaper. Gathering the news himself, making up the forms, soliciting the advertisements, and finding time between duels to express his contempt for all things mundane, the owner of such a sheet might properly style himself "the editor."

But that day has passed. Instead of one man, there are a hundred. Scattered everywhere, but working together, this little army of men each has a definite task to perform. Some get the advertisements, some see that the paper is circulated, some gather the news, others edit it, some are delegated to express the opinion of the paper on the news it prints, some do the mechanical work. But all are unified in one purpose, and all have their part in making any paper worth reading. "The editor" is dead; "the paper" lives.

And the new era, we believe, is better than the old. It makes impossible the domination by one man of voiced public opinion; it precludes editorial utterance which may be the faulty view of a single man; it gives to the public the news as many men see it; it expresses a formal opinion which is the united judgment of all the workers trying to tell the truth as they see it.

It will be a long time before the traditional picture of the personal editor fades from the public mind; but we are hoping for that day. It will mean better service and better understanding and better effort for the general good.

Not a man, but a community—that's the newspaper.

We have rather been surprised that the New England business women who were told to appear at their places in more extensive clothing did not reply that their clothes were in proportion to their pay.

A distinguished army officer, who had written that he would arrive at the hospital on a given day, has failed to put in his appearance, the same being another proof that discretion is the better part of valor.

Some one has asked how the uninformed man is to pick out a good novel from the mass now offered for sale. The only way we can suggest is not to pick the one with the attractive title. It's a sure loser.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Mayor Hit a Hot Dog Wagon.

One of our truthful friends tells us that he recently witnessed a very peculiar accident while in a small town.

Mayor Cyrus Perkins, of the village, was riding his bicycle along Main Street about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when Miss Macfarlane, leading lady of "The Devil's Own" company, which had played at the opera house the night before, came along the street clad in a tight skirt. The Mayor, forgetting the dignity of his office, turned to look at the young actress and ran his bicycle into a hot dog wagon operated by one Signor Connetti.

The wagon was overturned and a pot of hot sausage fell on the Mayor's head. When he was picked up he was smeared with hot dog and hamburger steak gravy. The Italian grew furious and started to pick up his wares, but seven or eight dogs appeared on the scene and began devouring them. The dogs jumped all over the Mayor and spoiled his new spring suit. The Mayor was sent to the hospital and threatens to have the hot dog vender's license revoked, while Signor Connetti says the accident was due to contributory negligence, as the Mayor had no business to turn and look at the actress. He will sue the Mayor for the price of the wagon and spoiled stock.

According to Uncle Abner.

Anse Frisby says he doesn't feel strong enough to go to a summer resort this year. He is going to stay home, where he can rest up.

We never saw a traveling man who pinned much faith in corn beef hash.

A feller who has got a marriageable daughter and doesn't buy a porch swing is guilty of a serious oversight.

There may be some fellers in this world who don't save their bum nickels and plugged quarters for the street car conductor, but if so, we never knew one of 'em.

Lem Purdy says he would as soon be run over and killed as to be scared to death by one of them squakin' auto horns.

It is gettin' so that employes of the guv'ment have to get down to work when the whistle blows.

I never see a time when the corn was tall enough excepting when it was too tall.

There are plenty of other ways to be onhappy without buyin' a motor-boat.

Miss Amy Pringle, our village milliner, is always up-to-date. She is showing her fall styes now, but not very many women are falling for 'em.

Hank Tumms says his mule don't seem to have no idee of the fitness of things. He is having the spring-halt now, away along now in the middle of the summer.

There ain't much use in tryin' to pound any sense into a feller that parts his hair in the middle and carries a cane during working hours.

Miss Pansy Tibbitts went to a finishing school. It proved to be her dad's finish as well as hers.

Lem Hicks says it takes a lot of sand fer a feller to make a success in business these days, and Lem is right, providin' the business is the house plasterin' business.

Glass Cutters.

This is the gladsome season of the year when shiny gentlemen happen along to sell glass cutters. It has often been said that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the other half lives by selling glass cutters.

It matters not how busy you are, you must lay everything aside and listen to the siren song of the glass cutter agent. He takes from his pocket a perfectly good piece of glass, then produces the cutter and does more tricks with it than Howard Thurston can do with a plug hat full of hard-boiled eggs. After he gives his free exhibition you buy a glass cutter. You can't escape it, though you have 900 glass cutters at home and 300 tucked away in your office desk.

There is a good deal of psychology about the glass cutter business. If you are an ordinary man you have bought an average of seven glass cutters a week ever since you have had an office, and when you want a piece of glass cut you have to take it to a glazier. Nobody on earth can make a patent glass cutter cut glass excepting the man who sells it.

Some men blow their money foolishly over the bar or for gasolene, but the major portion of our surplus has gone for glass cutters. It is a habit, and yet there is a sort of ambition in it, too. We hope some day to run across a glass cutter that we can operate when alone with it at home. We have never found one yet that didn't quit business just as soon as we had paid our money for it and the agent had departed in his shiny Prince Albert coat to land another victim.

Voice of the People

Woman's Work and Voting.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has given out through its Washington headquarters an official statement of why it is making an organized fight on this subject. This statement begins by saying:

"We, more than any other organization, believe in woman's rights. . . . First in the catalogue of woman's rights is the right of exemption."

I challenge this opening statement as false to the spirit of woman in this or any other age. Woman, outside a very limited class, has never sought or had exemption from anything she was physically able to do. The responsibilities of government were never among the exemptions, for many of the most successful and famous rulers in history were women.

They claim that woman must be out of active politics in order to do her part of the world's work. Unquestionably the care of children is an important part of woman's work. Yet if a woman would keep out of politics she must practically surrender the care of her children at school age. Schools, playgrounds, sanitation, milk and food inspection, the condition of factories where clothing is made and where children work, the whole physical and moral surroundings of the child outside the actual walls of home—these are questions of practical politics. The laws which regulate them are made by voters and enforced by voters.

I said the claim of exemption is false to the spirit of woman, because it savors of shirking, and women do not shirk. A woman certainly has the right of exemption from service as a fireman; but if her children are in a burning building she does not think of claiming the right. Thousands of mothers' children are in death-traps to-day, physical and moral. Which is the womanly attitude, to say, "We cannot help that," or to say, "These things must be changed, and we want to help do it"?

"When the suffragists define the ballot as a woman's right they manifest a distressing ignorance of political economy. The franchise is not a right, nor a privilege. It is a duty, a stern duty imposed by the State." We can almost hear the groans of the poor victims when this duty was imposed upon them. We see the old barons beseeching King John not to compel them to have a voice in the government! We hear long sighs of the burdened people as their rulers impose the stern duty on still more, until it has at last come upon the common man, who surely had enough to do already.

As a matter of fact these ladies "manifest a distressing ignorance," not only of history, but of language. They assume that a thing cannot be a right or a privilege because it is a duty. These three words may not be synonymous, but practically they are inseparable. Every duty must be a right, and many rights are privileges; the definition of privilege being "a special right or advantage not enjoyed by all." Every privilege implies a duty, and most duties are privileges.

To illustrate: It is a wife's duty to be affectionate to her husband. It could not be her duty unless it was her right. And she cannot fulfil her duty unless she esteems it a privilege. So we see right is the root, duty the stalk, and privilege the flower. The ballot is most distinctly all three. A man may disregard it as a privilege and neglect it as a duty, but he never despises it as a right, for it is the symbol of his freedom.

"With a great sum obtained I this citizenship," said the Roman centurion; and every American heart can respond to the noble pride of St. Paul's answer, "But I was born free."

"The ballot is not a plaything for idle women." Certainly not, nor yet for drunken and venal men. Yet it may be a much needed outlet for the energies of some women. Many women are taught that they have but three duties in life—to cook, nurse and please men. Then when their husbands are able to relieve them of household drudgery we blame them for leading frivolous lives.

They say that the suffragists number 8 per cent of the women. We do not know how they know this; it is a hard matter to determine. We do know that most great movements have had small beginnings. But rather amusing is the panic for fear the 8 per cent are going to force this thing upon the rest. It is a small army to storm the citadels of prejudice. And what are our weapons? Reason, argument, the righteousness of our cause, and our own earnestness. No wonder they are afraid!

The only force we can use is to convince a majority of the voters or their representatives. Then if a minority is still unwilling it must take the lot of minorities. That is not force; it is only popular government.

META GASKINS.

Warrenton, Va.

When Taxes Are Burdensome.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In a general way, I am much impressed with Mr. Moore's plan of tax reform, and, in the absence of something better, would be glad to have it made a State issue in the coming campaign. I regard as the keynote to the entire situation one suggestion in Mr. Moore's paper, that is, that burdensome taxation has been brought about by local rather than by State influences. Herein is furnished a field for legislative thought and investigation. Herein may be furnished the cause of the ills complained of. Before proceeding, let us clearly define burdensome taxation. A tax levied upon all the people, the benefits from which not reaching all the people alike and not commensurate with the amount of taxation involved, is burdensome taxation. Such being the acknowledged condition of various Virginia localities, an appeal will be made to the incoming Legislature for correction of grievances. To one who sees no other principle in a popular government than "let the people rule" and "the greatest good to the greatest number," slogans of communism and socialism, it may seem both queer and paradoxical, that a people should demand relief from their own action.

Napoleon saved the French people from themselves, and genuine democracy might have saved France from Napoleon. One of the highest missions of democracy is to save people from themselves. Under premises thus enunciated it seems to me that it will become the duty of a Democratic Legislature to investigate and to apply a democratic test to the practical working of our various departments of government in so far as they may affect the counties.

Our public school system, for instance, demanding in many localities the lion's share of expenditure, should be investigated, and its benefits so standardized that they may reach all people alike. Bearing in mind that two values may be placed upon education, one from a public, the other from an individual standpoint, also bearing in mind that one technically or professionally educated is more than likely to take his wares where most in demand, and that those drilled in rudiments must be the mainstay of the State, as value producers and taxpayers, it may be found that in some overtaxed Virginia localities, operating under the influences of false and extravagant ideals of public instruction, the system is being perverted to individual use and gain. Whilst having neither cause nor occasion to charge dishonesty of purpose on the part of officers connected with it, I claim, and think I can maintain, that the system, democratic in its incipiency, is being developed into a machine arbitrary and tyrannical in its tendencies, and may, under plausible and high-sounding generalities, defeat the real purpose of public instruction. The growth and development of our schools to meet both individual and public wants should be the sequence of the growth and development of the wealth of the State. The reverse is out of the order of nature, and will lead in the end to disaster.

Finally, under the Auditor's plan, with the proper democratic restraints, certain wrongful and unjust tax discriminations may be avoided, and a phase of inequalities hitherto not much noticed may be corrected. For matters of strictly local purpose, not affecting in any way other localities of the State, different rates of taxation for said purposes in different localities are legitimate and unavoidable, but for purposes State-wide in scope, matters in which one citizen of the State should have no more nor less interest than another, the different rates now existing in different localities are highly discriminating, unjust and undemocratic.

S. V. WATKINS.

Wakefield, Va.

On Taxes.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Auditor Lee Moore's plan to shift and equalize the burden of taxation by means of segregation will accomplish nothing, except to force the tax assessors to obey the law, so that high assessments will mean large local revenue. But segregation is not democratic! It is a clumsy and unscientific way to cure the evils we know of, and will produce many other evils we know not of. It is very unjust to the sections where community values are low. It is not based on any past experience or on any theory of social science. In fact, it is only a makeshift to make it imperative on each community to assess land at its full value. It is better late than never that the State Bar Association is taking up the burning question of tax reform, and Hon. Richard Evelyn Byrd is a very competent man to discuss the question, as he did in his speech before the assembled lawyers.

A just and wise tax law is fully as important as those governing the elections and the courts, and it is really more fundamental and far-reaching, for it is well said that the "power to tax is the power to destroy."

But our people and our legislators do not seem to recognize the need for the trained man in government. We still hark back to the slavery period, when we had demigods in the way of forensic orators, who were blissfully unaware of the existence of such a thing as "social science."

But Virginia is progressing, and "no man can live unto himself" (much less a community). It is now generally recognized that most all land values are community values (created by the presence of population). All the territory within the social and commercial radius of Richmond has a right to a portion of the taxes paid by Richmond, because they helped to create the tax basis in Richmond.

No, Mr. Moore's segregation plan won't do. We must create a new State office—the tax commissioner—to equalize the assessments in the 100 counties. Land must be assessed at its full value. Public service franchises must be taxed at full value. Not many of our public officers are paid too much salary. If land was assessed at full value, we could get the money for schools and roads, and at the same time force the idle land into use.

EDMOND FONTAINE.

Charlottesville.

Moves to Discontinue Continuances.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Your editorial calling upon some power to "make the wind behave," some inventor to create "a device that will allow a busy man to work at a desk full of papers in a good breeze without losing everything he turns loose for a moment," presents an amusing picture of that busy man's trials, but it is mild and tame compared with the trials of the "gentle reader" of your paper, who, after dinner, when the thermometer stands 99 degrees in the shade, takes up The Times-Dispatch for a little postprandial entertainment, and finds from seven to twenty-three articles "continued" all the way from the second page to page eleven, inclusive.

After selecting an article, and perusing a paragraph or two, the "gentle reader" is suddenly confronted with that fateful legend, "Continued on Eleventh Page." In his hurry to discover "eleventh page" before he loses connection with what has been said on the first page, he spills the paper all over the floor, and just then, as usually happens in such cases, along comes your misbehaving wind, and a heterogeneous mass of whirling paper goes scurrying up the front porch, through the hall and into the backyard, with the said reader, now no longer "gentle," but mixed in the whirling mass, knocking over the chairs and desperately grabbing at the elusive sheets. Hot and perspiring, but still tenacious, he pursues the fleeing mass, till finally that "wild and woolly" varmint, "page eleven," lands in the chicken trough, and is captured and hung in the sun to dry.

Half an hour after the remains of the paper, and those of the more or less "gentle reader," are again assembled together. A brickbat rests on one corner and the reader's knee on another of the paper. He is cautiously turning over its pages towards number "eleven," and finally stops. Then he arises with a "quaint and curious" expression of countenance which words fail to portray. What has he seen? Four more lines! "Only this, and nothing more."

Mr. Editor, I am for a discontinued continuance—strenuously.

ARMISTEAD BURWELL.

Clarksville.

No Harm in Bryan Lecturing.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—There has been much criticism of Mr. Bryan lecturing during his vacation. I wish to say that he does not allow these lectures to interfere with his duty as Secretary of State, as is shown by his canceling some of them to deal with the Mexican problem. Then how can there be any harm in it? Has he not a perfect right to use his vacation in any reasonable way, especially when he takes it only when his services are not needed?

Now, why are the Republicans, and some Democrats, continually finding fault with Mr. Bryan? First, I think some are afraid of him. Many of the Democrats under this class are "machine" men, and don't like his being for the people. Secondly, I believe some can't understand him because he is about fifty years ahead of his day. For proof of this, note that he desires reform in such lines as presidential nominations, and predicts that such reform is coming. Add to these two reasons for Mr. Bryan's criticism the fact that everybody, and especially public officials, are criticized more or less, and you have my solution to the question which I asked above.

I think Mr. Bryan deserves congratulations for the cool way in which he takes the criticism of kickers and bluffers. It shows that he has a clear conscience in lecturing.

And now, in conclusion, let me say that, as for me, I think that Mr. Bryan is one of our greatest statesmen, and that he ranks with Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Monroe and Webster as Secretary of State. And here's hoping that he may be nominated and elected to the presidency in 1920, when Woodrow Wilson will have finished his second term.

S. JAMES HART.

Charlottesville, Va.

Abe Martin

Who kin remember when a daughter wuz her mother's greatest asset? We still has th' thrill o' th' first kiss, but th' thrill o' th' first pair o' boots has gone forever.

A BOY IN SUMMERTIME.

By John T. McCutcheon.

The Excursion to the "Crick."